

THE WILLIAMS NEWS

Volume 22

WILLIAMS, COCONINO COUNTY, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1913

Number 7

INDIANS WHOOP, HORSES RACE AND MANY COWBOYS RAMPANT

SPLENDID PHOENIX BAND WILL FURNISH FINE PATRIOTIC MUSIC

Grand Barbecue Free to
All on Afternoon of
July Fifth.

Crack Williams ball Team in Three Match Games.

Sound the bugles!
Let the eagle scream!
Twist the lion's tail once more!
Tie knots in the nether end of the beast!

The Fourth of July is nearly here and Williams proposes to celebrate the 137th anniversary of the birth of the American republic in real old-fashioned style.

The various committees have done their work well. Amusement and entertainment of every kind has been provided. Cowboys will race and compete in a thrilling race on the Williams track. The half of the tenderfoot stand on the track. The Sajo and Mojave Indian tribes, fierce rivals of the Arizona plains in the days gone by, will recall the past in an Indian shanty game.

A splendid program of races has been provided for Saturday and the crack Williams ball team, the undefeated champions of Northern Arizona, will measure bats with rival teams in two and probably three games for which the committee has hung up liberal purses. Redewill's splendid band is coming all the way from Phoenix to furnish music for the festive occasion. The committee of progressive citizens having the celebration in charge, have gone to great expense to furnish this delightful feature of the week's entertainment, sufficient in itself to draw hundreds of strangers to the Williams patriotic revival. There will be a band concert every afternoon or evening. Friday and Saturday evenings those who love to dance will have every opportunity to enjoy themselves after the show at the Sultana theater, which Manager Sweetwood will have especially decorated for the occasion.

In another column of this News will be found the splendid patriotic program in full. The barbecue is to be a big feature and it will be absolutely free to all. Look over the program. If there is not something in it especially interesting to everyone, please let Judge Rouseville, Judge Holub, Manager Sweetwood, Judge Harben, Major Perrin, Captain Edgington or some one else on the various committees know about it. They will see if it cannot be arranged. Following are the committees:

FOURTH OF JULY COMMITTEES.
Barbecue Committee—James A. Johnson, R. D. Postle, W. A. Field, Martin Bugeau, G. W. Matthews, M. C. Smith, Lilo M. Perrin, C. C. Hutchinson, Jake Kaufman, D. D. Smith, Chas. Kiroh, Ed Hamilton, H. D. Ritter, S. O. Miller, Baseball—J. M. Holub, Charles Lindstrom, George McDougall, H. J. Gray, Joe Thomas, H. F. Sweetwood.
Music, Band and Dance—E. J. Nordyke, G. W. Matthews, Fred Ferguson, John Hill, W. C. Eltonhouse, L. B. Snavely.
Broncho Busting—R. D. Postle, M. C. Smith, B. F. Sweetwood, George Johnson, Jim McLean, Jake Kaufman, D. D. Smith, Al Smith.
Relay Race—Martin Bugeau, Andrew Miller, Jake Kaufman, Roy Wolfe.
Swimming—Andrew Miller, James Wade, H. D. Ritter, Sam O. Miller, George Ramsey, John Casad.
Log Sawing Contest—Charles Lindstrom, Wm Souder, Zug McCartney, Andy Smith, Fred Reno.
Advertising and Press—J. M. Holub, C. W. Elliott, J. V. Van Eaton, J. W. Lee, O. H. Preys.
Juvenile, Indian and Street Sports—Jerry Lee, Dr. A. E. Rouseville, D. A. Byrne, McD. Robinson, Prof. T. H. Curreton, B. F. Sweetwood.
Committee on Speaker—James Kennedy, Fred Ferguson, L. S. Williams.
Grounds—Robert Burns, H. M. Stark, J. W. Hill, G. W. Matthews, E. W. Carlson.

THIMBLE BEE ENJOY AN AFTERNOON, GUESTS OF MRS. BARNES

Mrs. Prof. Barnes, assisted by Mrs. T. A. Moore and Mrs. Frank Polson, entertained the Thimble Bee at her home Wednesday afternoon. A fine company gathered and spent a delightful social hour. Delicious refreshments were daintily served. All went away expressing much pleasure and feeling well repaid for attending.

The Epworth League spent Wednesday evening as usual at the parsonage. The pastor held his usual devotional hour and at the close they decided to enter into a membership contest for two weeks. Then the defeated side will entertain the winning side. A marshmallow toast was planned for Friday evening at the bon fire near the dam.

Miss Stanley, the newly elected president, and her cabinet, are entering on their work heartily. All young people who desire the best things are most heartily invited to attend our devotional meetings at 7 p. m. each Sunday and also enjoy the social delights with us.

Mrs. Guy Rigg, the superintendent

HUGE EAGLE KILLED BY COWBOY ON THE BEN SWEETWOOD RANCH LAST WEEK

A huge American eagle, measuring over eight feet from tip to tip, was killed on the Ben Sweetwood ranch one day last week by Bert Brown, who was working with the round up gang.

Brown saw the eagle kill a fawn a short distance away from where he was standing. He dropped off his horse and creeping among the cedars, managed to crawl very close to the bird which was tearing the carcass of the baby deer, knocking it over with a rock. The bird was half stunned by the blow. Brown jumped on its neck but the eagle fastened its talons in his pants and tore them to shreds. His high top boots protected him from injury. The bird was one of the largest ever seen in this section of Arizona. It is being mounted. Some excellent films of the huge bird were obtained by Manager Kirkpatrick, of the Postal Company. Three boys held the bird outstretched while the camera was being snapped.

OLIE PREYSZ PASSES ON AFTER HEROIC FIGHT AGAINST REAPER

End Comes as a Shock
to Everyone in His
Home Town

Olie Preysz, head bookkeeper for the S. & M. Lumber Co., passed on at the Long Beach sanatorium early on Thursday. Dissolution was due to uremic poisoning.

The end had been foreshadowed for some days, but nevertheless the announcement came as a great shock to the little city in which Preys had made his home for many years. Deceased had been ailing for over a year from the complaint which finally ended fatally. He suffered greatly at times, but his wonderfully cheerful disposition brooked no complaint at any time. It was his sunny disposition that made him probably the most popular young man in this section of the state. Every man, woman and child in Williams knew, admired, or loved Olie Preys.

Preysz was a native of Big Rapids, Michigan, where he was born about 37 years ago. His parents were Norwegian, of that hardy Scandinavian stock which has made Northern Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota the great, progressive American commonwealths they are today. He entered the employ of William Dermont, president of the S. & M., 19 years ago, beginning as office boy, and by his energy, honesty, strict attention to business and determination to win, working himself into the responsible position he held with the company at his death. To Mr. and Mrs. Dermont Olie Preys was as a son and to them his end comes as a distinct personal bereavement. Nearly a week ago, when it became known the crisis was at hand, Mr. Dermont went to Long Beach and remained practically at the bedside until the end. Jay Gates, a nephew of Preys, was also with him at the end.

Preys was a thirty-second degree Mason, also a Pythian and Macabbe. The remains will be taken to Big Rapids, his old home, for burial.

A junior league of boys and girls under fifteen years of age, will be organized at 3 p. m. Sunday. All boys and girls invited.

Regular weekly services: Sunday school 9:45 a. m., Epworth league 7:00 p. m., preaching 11:00 a. m. and 8:00 p. m., prayer meeting 8:00 p. m. Thursday.

SOUL MATE QUEST BY ADVERTISING WRECKS TWO

Detroit Girl Expects
Tall Coconino Pine
Awaits Coming

"A busted Sunday Honeymoon, or the romance of a want ad. marriage," is the title Miss Margaret Benninghoff, a comely young woman late of Detroit, but now a guest at the home of Sam Miller, adjoining Williams on the west, has in mind for a short story she is contemplating writing and submitting to Editor Bok of the Ladies Home Journal for the advice to girls column.

Legally Miss Benninghoff is Mrs. Arthur Young. Coldly Miss Benninghoff that was, and who is determined to be again, asserts she is the victim of one of the most clever letter writers in the country.

"My romance ended when Arthur, I mean Mr. Young, refused to take a bath just after we were married at the Rouseville ranch a week ago Sunday," declared Mrs. Young. It was shattered into bits when he refused to even wash his hands and face, or if he did I discovered no evidence he had even made a stab at it. The romance crumbled into dust and ashes when I discovered half an inch of dandruff in his hair and he disdainfully refusing to listen to a suggestion of a remedy."

"It's a case of two people being mismated," is the way Young explains matters. "I guess Miss Benninghoff and I were looking for soul mates through a half and half conventional channel and trusted too much in a want ad."

The woman in the case is about to bring suit for annulment of the marriage through Attorney George W. Harben, of Williams. Young declares he will make no contest as he has no desire to coerce any woman into wifely duties against her will.

"Evidently we both made a mistake and the best way out of it is the quickest way," said Young.

It all began when a friend of Miss Benninghoff who married a resident of Arizona returned to Detroit for a visit and told a glowing story of the romantic state and its stalwart, romantic men.

"The description of my friend surely got my goat," said Mrs. Young, who is seemingly not at all downcast over her shattered romance. "In a spirit of fun I wrote to the sheriff of Coconino county, telling him if he ran across any fine young man out this way who wanted a good housekeeper for a wife, to tell him to write to me. Instead of doing so, he put a want ad. in the paper. Well, I got replies enough to that ad., but none of the letter's were like Arthur's. Nice name, too, Arthur Young, and he sure knows how to peddle the bull, as you people out here say, on letter paper. I didn't have a chance after his first letter. He told me to wire collect whenever I felt like it, and say, I was so tickled to death with the thought I was getting a real prince I let them collect—at my end."

"Well when I got here and saw him—I had a lot of misgivings all right, but I was told if we weren't married right away the white slavery probers might get me, so Judge Rouseville pronounced the fatal word. I made up my mind to make the best of it, but it wasn't one hour after we were married I knew I was trying to face the impossible. I can put up with the ugliest man on earth, if he is a man, but there are some things a woman cannot tolerate. It's all over and I am going to stay right here for I have fallen in love with the country. Just to think of it—I was looking for a tall pine of Coconino, like some of those cattlemen and others described themselves. It was just like some moving pictures I have seen."

WILD MAN OF THE FOREST MAY BE RICH M'KEE.

Chicago Engineer is
Believed Alive in
Dense Region

Unpitied, uncared for save by the forces of nature, wandering alone, a creature of God, with mind gone and long since believed dead and devoured by wild beasts, Richard C. M'Kee is now supposed to be the wild man seen by "Java" Reynolds, employed on the cattle ranch of Charles Polson about twelve miles southwest of Williams.

About ten days ago Reynolds, while out on the range bordering the great cedar forest in that section, was startled by the sight of the figure of a man practically naked, with his dark hair and beard, wild and unkempt reaching below his waist, suddenly emerge from the forest and stop beside a brook to drink. Reynolds who is intimately acquainted with the facts connected with the disappearance of M'Kee, identified him at once as the Chicago engineer long since supposed to be dead.

When the man finished drinking he raised his head and fixed his great wild eyes on Reynolds.

"Aren't you hungry? Don't you want something to eat?" Reynolds began.

Aroused by the sound of a human voice, the wild man uttered a weird sound and like the wind fled to the south. For a long distance Reynolds watched him, dodging in and out of the trees, and finally disappearing in the deep forest.

M'Kee, a Chicago railroad man, member of Calumet lodge of the Brotherhood of Railway trainmen, of that city, leaped from the train between Ash Fork and Williams early in November, 1910. In the early part of December of that year he was seen for the last time by a party of cowboys about twenty-four miles north of Williams. His coat and hat were found by Jimmy McLane who with Bob Wiley searched the forest country with dogs, especially in the neighborhood of the Sweetwood ranch, but no further trace of M'Kee was found. Because of the deep snow and severity of the winter it was that he had succumbed and been devoured by wolves and coyotes like others before him.

John M'Kee, a brother of the missing man, living at 2384 Piedmont Avenue, Oakland, California, came to Williams, organized two searching parties, and for a month scoured the forest country where M'Kee disappeared, but all to no purpose. Other searching parties headed by Marshall Patterson and sheriff Pulliam also scoured the country without finding a single trace.

For the past three years Constable Bob Postle has been in communication with M'Kee's relatives, who until a few weeks ago hoped against hope he was alive and would be found. At least, however, all hope was abandoned and steps have been taken to collect a fifteen hundred dollar insurance policy on his life. Constable Postle has communicated with the brother.

Charley Polson was skeptical about Reynolds' story but after fully investigating is firmly convinced it is true in every particular and the wild man is Charles M'Kee.

Preaches in Ash Fork.

Rev. W. R. Winans, pastor of the Williams Methodist Episcopal Church, went to Ash Fork Tuesday, holding services in the Junction city that evening. He will occupy the home pulpit Sunday.

Joins News Staff.

Milton E. Ferguson, well known throughout the southwest as one of the best all round printers in this section, arrived Monday to join The News typographical staff.

WILLIAMS IS ARIZONA'S PARADISE IN SUMMER

OHIO ROMANCE CULMINATES AT M. E. PARSONAGE IN WILLIAMS

At the Methodist Parsonage last Saturday evening. Howard W. Harrington, a commercial traveller from Akron, Ohio, and Miss Etta M. Murrin, of the same city were united in marriage by the pastor, W. R. Winans. The two young people, who had long been sweethearts in the eastern city, met by appointment in Williams, Harrington coming from the west and Miss Murrin from the east. They went directly to the parsonage for the wedding ceremony and after congratulations from the minister and his wife, left for a honeymoon trip to the Grand Canyon.

Master Mechanic Visits.

Charley Johnson, the popular master mechanic of the Santa Fe shops at Seligman, was a Williams visitor Tuesday.

W. RITTENHOUSE WEDS MISS AMY LOVELACE IN MONTANA

Romance of Childhood Culminates at the Alta This Week

As the climax of a childhood sweetheart romance in Missouri, W. C. Rittenhouse, the well known Williams merchant left for Bozeman, Montana, last Saturday evening, where he was married during the week to Miss Amy Lovelace, at the home of her parents in that city.

The Rittenhouse and Lovelace families were neighbors in Missouri when "Bill", as his Williams friends know him, was in knickerbockers and little Miss Amy wore her hair braided down her back. It is said they plighted their troth when he was eight and the little miss was six. In after years they separated, Rittenhouse coming to Williams to become a successful merchant and, Miss Lovelace going to Montana. Some time back Miss Lovelace made a trip to the west taking in the Grand Canyon enroute. The childhood lovers met again and the old vows were again spoken with renewed fervor. During her visit to the Grand Canyon Miss Lovelace met a number of Williams people who were charmed with her attractive personality and her musical accomplishments. They are looking forward to her permanent return as a welcome addition to the society life of the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Rittenhouse will be the recipients of many congratulations from the home section of the groom who has a wide circle of warm friends, due to his never failing courtesy in his social and business relations. The News joins with those in wishes of everlasting happiness to the happy couple.

Charley Hutchinson Here.

Charles C. Hutchinson, of Flagstaff, one of the best known wool men of the southwest, stalwart republican politician, high priest of protection in Arizona, member of the constitutional convention, was a Williams visitor Wednesday, and overnight guest at the Grand Canyon hotel. Hutchinson says the democratic tariff bill when it becomes a law will put a crimp in the wool business, temporarily at least.

MOUNTAIN LAKES AND FOREST MARVELS OF NATURAL BEAUTY

California Is Tame in
Comparison With
This Section

All Efforts Should Be
Made to Attract
People Here

If the proper efforts were made to place the summer attractions of Williams before the people of Phoenix and the Salt River valley, Tucson and the heated country adjacent thereto, in fact of every section of Arizona where the summer heat makes living intolerable during the months of June, July, August and a good part of September, not only would every present hotel accommodation in Williams be crowded to capacity, but there would be a demand for at least a hundred summer cottages, in all probability for 300 of such cottages at a rental which would pay high interest on the money invested therein.

The natural attractions of Williams make it the summer playground of Arizona, of New Mexico and the heated portion of western Texas. A visit to the canyons south of the town and running right down into the city limits is a revelation of the possibilities of Williams as the State summer resort. The series of beautiful lakes which furnish the water for the city, the great lumber plant operating in Williams, and for the Santa Fe railroad, properly advertised for their boating, fishing and bathing facilities, could not fail to prove a irresistible attraction to hundreds and thousands of Arizonans having the means and disposition to enjoy a summer vacation.

Last year over two millions of dollars were spent by the people of Arizona at the summer resorts of Southern California. Those resorts have built and prospered by advertising climate which, in truth, does not begin to compare with that of Williams, the gateway to the Grand Canyon. The one thing Southern California resorts have which Williams has not, is the sea. But to offset this feature are the beautiful lakes, everyone of which is within a mile of the center of the city.

On the other hand Williams has to offer, besides these crystal lakes of pure snow water, teeming with bass, the gamiest of fish, a primal forest, virgin as in the days, nearly four centuries ago, when the Spanish explorers made their way through it from Santa Fe to San Diego. There is the forest now, extending from the summit of Bill Williams, 10,000 feet above the sea, right down to the borders of the snow water lakes.

Where may be found a more beautiful sight in all the southwest than the upper lake, from which Williams gets its water supply, the hour after sunset. Business men of Phoenix, wearied, nervous, longing for some nook where you can listen to the evening hymn of the forest while you sit on the banks of the lake, whose snow waters, clear as crystal reflect the mighty pines of the virgin forest, take the train for the north some Saturday evening.

(Continued on page four)